

Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXIII.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1886.

NUMBER 27.

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
38 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
locality.
Price to all ministers, \$1.50 per year. All
other subscribers, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

COLUMBIA IN 1886.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

Upon the pinnacle of the years
Columbia stands in regal pride;
A majestic being she appears,
Attendant centuries wide.

The vistas of the shadowy past
Are open to her gaze serene,
She beholds, as specters grim and vast,
The nations that have been.

Across the horizon verge afar
They stalk with slow and stately pace,
But none with her tranquil eye there are,
None with her noble grace.

They wear rich robes of "cloth of gold,"
And crowns where dazzling jewels shine,
But their eyes are dim, their brows are cold,
Though kingly and divine.

But along her veins runs royal blood—
A bounding tide with living flow,
And her cheeks are bright with its crimson
dye.

Her eyes with hope aglow,
Her queenly robes are morn's purple dyes,
All fringed with noontide's golden light,
With the lustrous stars of the midnight
skies.

In her coronal bedight,
Again she greeteth her natal day—
An hundred years and ten have gone;
Oh, may no shade of dark decay
Bedim the glorious dawn!

She stands on the mountain peaks of time,
And over vales, and woods, and hills,
In as anthem grand her voice sublime
The earth's far nations thrills.

Leaf clasp to leaf in the sylvan bower,
And praiseful birds take up the strain,
And the rivers with a choral power
Repeat the notes again.

The mountains respond with thunderous
voice,
That shakes the land from sea to sea,
And even the "little hills" rejoice,
And join the harmony.

And ever the measures rise and fall
On the pulsing air with the solemn tone
Of the billows that break on the gray sea
wall,
Or Niagara's monotone.

'Tis a peace of praise to the Only Good,
For peace and joy to our fair land,
A song of the deepest gratitude
For bounties from His hand.

STILL IN THE WOODS.

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.

In my last we had just left the
home of the country doctor, after the
baptism of the five beautiful children
of the household, and were again on
our way. All at once the writer dis-
covered by the wayside an enormous
snake basking in the sunshine, his
head within two inches of the track
made by our wheels, and yet he did
not stir as we passed along. A halt
was called, and the presiding elder,
seizing a convenient club, proceeded
to attack the reptile. A not very
well-directed blow partly disabled him,
but not enough to prevent his throw-
ing his hideous head in a very ugly
way at his human enemy. The second
blow concluded the career of his
snakehood. He was found, on mea-
surement, to be six feet and six inches
in length. The next day we came
across another that was just barely
short of eight feet. They were both
of the same variety, and are called
the chicken snake, because, like the
Methodist ministers, they have a pen-
chant for chickens, especially young
ones. After the killing of the first
one, the writer remarked that in his
boyhood it was always counted as a
good omen to kill the first snake met
with on a journey; the omen was con-
firmed by the layman, who said that
he found a pin with the point towards
him, and that was another good sign;
and then the preacher remarked
that the first person we met as we left
town was a man, and that was an-
other good sign; and just how much
superstition would have been brought
to light is not quite certain, since at
this point the conversation took a
change.

We continued to make our usual
three miles and a half per hour until
noon, and then finding in the depths
of the forest a nice spring of pure
sweet water, we halted for our noon-
day meal, a supply having been
brought along in case of an emer-
gency. It is enough to say that a

table was spread in the wilderness,
not in the presence of enemies (for
there were none about us), but by the
side of the little stream supplied by
the spring out of which we secured a
copious draught for man and beast.
After dinner, while the other mem-
bers of the party wandered about, the
writer lay down upon the ground,
with a cushion for a pillow, and a
nap for the objective point. The tree
that furnished the shade for the would-
be sleeper was a white oak three feet
and a half at the stump, and the
trunk running up for fifty feet with-
out a branch. It was the represent-
ative of tens of thousands of larger
ones seen on the journey. There is
no grader tree than a white oak, and
when they grow to these proportions
—some of them being from four to
five feet at the stump and seventy feet
without a branch—they are sublime
in their grandeur. With head on the
pillow and face to the sky, it was a
perfect delight to look up through the
lustrous green of the leafy canopy to
the clear deep blue of the heavens.
There were a few patches of soft,
white, fleecy clouds scattered here
and there, that made the sky all the
more richly blue by the contrast; then
there were in the far-away heights of
the atmosphere three or four of those
birds, buzzards so-called, that have a
wonderful power of wing, supporting
themselves for minutes without a
single stroke, but rising up higher and
higher by simply turning a wing
against the breeze and making that
bear them aloft. Whatever may be
their habits of dietetics, they are ele-
gant in flight, and one who loves
grace in motion will never tire in see-
ing them thus confidently poised in
mid-heaven. Meantime, nearer and
all about were singing birds in great
variety, with here and there a mock-
ing bird, all jubilant with song, filling
the air with delightful sounds. It
did not take so long to see and hear
all this as to write it, for the head
that sought repose had not been on
the pillow three minutes before oaks,
clouds, sky, buzzards and singing
birds were all forgotten, and for more
than forty minutes a sweet sleep was
enjoyed; and it might have been long-
er had not a wandering woods hog,
attracted possibly by the scent of the
food, put in an appearance, and a
good brother in driving him away
woke up the sleeper.

But, says some one, "Didn't you
take cold? Didn't the bugs and things
get on you?" Nothing of the kind.
The Lord giveth His beloved sleep,
and if not too warm when lying down,
there is no danger to be apprehended
by sleeping out doors, and most bugs
have other business than to be trou-
bling honest people who want a nap.
It is one of the fine arts to be able to
lie down on the ground or a board
and go to sleep when you are tired.
The writer has long had the art, and
it is a great help and refreshment in
the midst of constant and perplexing
toil. The last night of my stopping
in a hotel, a few days since, good Dr.
Rust and I shared the same room,
next to the parlor, with only folding-
doors between. In the parlor was a
young woman with a terrific voice,
and she was at work on a piano that
compared well with her voice—more
noise than music in both. "Now,"
said the Doctor, "you will be kept
awake." I simply said, "No; I am
just going to sleep in two minutes;"
and probably in less time the feat was
accomplished, and the din and confu-
sion all forgotten. "Blessed is the
man that invented sleep." All this,
and still in the woods. Resuming
our journey, we at length reached
the point where we were to make our
halt for the night.

A THREATENED NEMESIS.

A Story for the Fourth of July.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

"I tell you, my friend, your premises
are all at fault, and can't be justified on
any basis of soundness or reason what-
ever. Break a part of God's law, and
you fracture the whole structure;
there is no middle wall of partition,
no 'margin,' as you call it, no reser-
ving to oneself any particular rights
not admissible to all. Tamper with a
dangerous temptation, and you invite a
nemesis almost sure to recoil with un-
welcome swiftness on your own head.
I'd give a great deal, Haversham, to see
you take a firm, decided stand, and re-
solve, with the help of God, never to
touch, taste, or handle the poison in
any shape again."

The last sentence was spoken in a
tender, appealing tone, not lost upon
the lordly listener.

"Would a simple resolve go for so
very much, Rector?"
"Yes; with you it would be as good
as a vow any day. You see, I know
you, my dear fellow, and believe in you,
too, Roger Haversham, and it grieves
me more than I can express that you
refused to place your name on the list
presented by those ladies the other
day, begging for your signature."

"But I don't believe in pledging my-
self to banish the wine cup or cham-
pagne glass from my table on every oc-
casion mentionable. There are times
when, as 'lord of the manor,' I must
give my guests a choice as to the bever-
age to be used. I was brought right
up with that idea of a host's courtesy,
and limitations as to such things which
I might think best to impose upon my-
self, I should hardly feel warranted in
imposing upon my guests."

"You would not voluntarily set food
before your friends, known to be vitiat-
ing or harmful?"
"No, nor drink either. Taken in
proper quantities, nothing I offer at my
table would prove either vitiating or
harmful. As danger consists only in
excess either in eating or drinking, it
depends on the wisdom or folly of him
who eats or drinks as to whether he is
harmful or not."

"Such is your belief?"
"Certainly."

"And you will teach your boy so,
and allow him to choose such meat
and drink as he may fancy?"

"No, sir; that is quite another thing,
and presents an entirely different phase
of the subject."

"Does it?"
"Why, certainly it does. I shall
spread no feasts including luxuries of
the kind just discussed while Milton is
at home. That portion of the cellar
which contains the few choice spirits I
always keep on hand, will not be
opened during his vacation—at least,
not while he is around. Contrary to
the teachings of my young days, I shall
instruct my son that intoxicants of all
kinds are to be avoided, utterly. Per-
sonal adherence to an ancient custom
held to be proper all one's life, is one
thing, while it is quite another to per-
petuate the custom by starting a young
person along the same track. I prefer
my child should never contract a habit
which has never injured his father, but
might possibly result in injury to him."

"Two noble-looking men stood facing
each other on the upper terrace of a
lawn whose velvety carpet of green
might have been cut in some gigantic
loom, so faultlessly even was its smooth
surface. Each looked with a friendly,
fearless gaze into the face of the other,
while they expressed their views with
the candid, out-spoken tone of convic-
tion stanch friends often use in ex-
changing opinions."

Mr. Roger Haversham, perhaps a
trifle the taller of the two, wore a
dainty lounging jacket of white flannel,
exactly matched by the one worn by
his companion, the Right Rev. Ar-
thur Puriston, rector of St. Paul's, and
a truly good man. The jaunty midsum-
mer garments had arrived in company
at Mr. Haversham's sumptuous home,
for it was no strange thing for the
wealthy man to duplicate an order in
the interest of his beloved friend and
pastor, the "Rector," as he usually
called him.

Long before, after but two years of
married life, Mr. Haversham's young
wife had died, leaving her kind hus-
band and their baby boy of but six
months to care for could. The father
had felt no inclination to marry again,
but as time rolled on his affections cen-
tered on the bright, beautiful boy, the
promise of whose early boyhood was
being fulfilled in his youth, and the
promise of whose youth the father
fondly hoped would be realized in his
fast-approaching manhood.

For a few years a tutor had been em-
ployed for the young Milton, then it
had seemed best to Mr. Haversham to
avail himself of the advantages offered
at an excellent academy where boys
were fitted for college at the same time
they were under superior Christian in-
fluence. In this institution Milton Hav-
ersham had been gradually developing
powers of more than ordinary promise,
until now he was expecting to enter
college after the summer vacation.
During his school days the lad had
made frequent visits at his father's
beautiful suburban home, and so far his
doting parent felt pleased and thankful
that his darling boy had been kept en-
tirely free from the temptations of city
life, and knew nothing of the allure-
ments which so often tempt young men
into by and forbidden paths.

On only one subject did Rev. Mr.
Puriston and his friend, Mr. Roger
Haversham, essentially disagree, and
the conversation recorded at the begin-
ning of this story was only one of many
on the vexed question which, every lit-
tle while, was debated with the same
warmth and decision on the part of the
rector, only to be met with the calm but
determined arguments of the other, in
defense of his preconceived convictions
of an opposite character.

On no occasion had Milton Hav-
ersham ever seen wine on his father's
table. Had he at any time been told
that a locked compartment in the cellar
at home contained a variety of rare
liquors, he would either have declared
the statement to be untrue, or, if con-
vinced that such was the case, would
have confidently asserted that they were
kept only for medicinal purposes.

The subject of temperance was one
rarely touched upon between the father
and son. Not that the former exactly
wished to avoid it, but he mentally ar-
gued that allusion to the subject might
provoke unnecessary discussion. Once
while walking together, they had come
upon a man very much under the influ-
ence of liquor, lying by the roadside,
and Milton had said disgustedly,—
"How can a man make such a brute
of himself?"

And his father had replied prompt-
ly:—
"It is only necessary, in order to
avoid that, my dear boy, to resist firmly
the first temptation which may assail
one to use intoxicating drink."

But this was when Milton was very
young, and he had probably forgotten
it.

On no consideration would Mr. Hav-
ersham willingly have allowed his son
to see strong drink used in his house as
a beverage. Yet many and many the
time while the lad was away at school,
had decanters been filled, and from
slender little glasses had flashed prisms
of sparkling light, as guests gay and
cultured had sipped the pungent flavors
stored from old and choice vintages,
until time had added both strength and
sweetness to the subtle draught.

But of late there had been a strong
temperance movement in the commu-
nity, and certain Christian women had
gone from house to house inviting the
heads of families to pledge themselves
to banish all intoxicants from their
homes, and to do what they could to rid
the place of their baneful influence.
And it had not surprised, although it
did disappoint, the rector, that Mr.
Haversham had courteously but decid-
edly refused to accede to the wishes of
his callers of the day.

It was the week of the "Fourth,"
and Mr. Haversham was in the full
pride and glory of realized hopes. His
son Milton had graduated with unwon-
dered honors from the academy where
for seven years his mind had been slowly
ripening and preparing for maturer
study, and his examination for college
had also passed and been pronounced
unusually satisfactory.

A short time previous to the young
man's arrival home, it had been planned
that a party of gentlemen should, on
the afternoon of the Fourth, enjoy a
sail down the harbor, and a lunch on
board Mr. Haversham's trim little
yacht. The company was to be a select
one, composed of a number of friends
to whom Mr. Haversham felt indebted
for repeated hospitalities. Ordinarily
he would have felt that his only son
must accompany him on the holiday
expedition, but as it was, it was with a
feeling of great relief that he learned
that Milton wished to invite some
friends who had been his companions
at school, and who resided in the near
city, to lunch with him on the same
afternoon. He had gone so far as to
intimate to them that should nothing
occur to prevent, he should send for
them to come and enjoy the cooling
breezes sure to be found on piazza or
lawn, in the summer house or mimic
forest about his father's spacious
grounds.

"You shall have the finest collation
possible, my boy," said his father
warmly; "and I shall hope to return
in time to see your friends before they
go."

The Fourth was to fall on Thursday,
and Wednesday evening, as the shadows
were deepening, Milton sat in a deep
recess of one of the curtained windows
of the library, when Forbes, his father's
trustworthy waiter and butler, tapped softly
on the door. Milton had supposed his
father saw him enter the library, but
being absorbed with a book, he had not
seen him at all, and was entirely uncon-
scious of the young man's near pres-
ence.

"Come in," said Mr. Haversham, re-
cognizing Forbes' light tap.

"I came to ask, sir," Forbes began,
"which of the wines I should pack in
the hamper for to-morrow?"

"How much is there of that old port
marked 'J'?"

"Several bottles, sir."

"Very well. I shall want three or
four bottles of that, and about half a
dozen of the Old Burgundy. Put in
three bottles of the '66 cognac, and as
many more of the finest champagne."

"All right, sir."

"And Forbes?"

"Be sure you leave the key of the
wine closet in the cabinet; no one goes
there but you and I, you remember."

"All right, sir."

Milton's eyes sparkled. There had
been just one drawback to his pleasure
in thinking of entertaining his young
friends. But the truth was, they were
accustomed to fashionable living at
home, many of them, and Percy Wen-
dell, Stanford Shields, and Howard
Pembroke, his particular chums, had
several times alluded to the fine "cel-
lars" their fathers kept; and Milton,
who at first had not really understood
the term, had not chosen to admit that
his father's table was never furnished
with anything of that sort.

But now, lo and behold! he could get
up a spread with any of them, wine and
all, and be not one whit behind his
guests in following the fashionable cus-
toms of the day. But of course he
would say something to his father about
it; to do so anything secretly or in an
underhand manner, never entered
his mind.

Just as he was about, however, to
come forth from his unintentional hid-
ing, the bell rang, and Mr. Haversham,
seeing it was his friend, the rector, on
the piazza, went hastily to welcome
him. The gentlemen sat talking until
late in the warm radiance of the sum-
mer night, and Milton, tired and sleepy,
went to his room and to bed before the
rector departed for home.

Milton slept until late the next morn-
ing, and he was not a little annoyed on
going to the breakfast room to find that
his father had already started for the
yacht, leaving word that, as they set
sail at noon, he should remain on board
to see that the arrangements were all
complete, and should not probably re-
turn home until toward evening. But
he left a kind little note for "his dear
boy," in which he said:—

"Have just as good a time with your
friends as you can; everything in and
about the house is at your entire dis-
posal. I am sorry I must have Forbes
with me to-day, but Mrs. Case knows
where everything is kept, and will set
the table in excellent style, you will
find."

But Mrs. Case, the housekeeper,
opened wide her eyes with astonishment
when Milton, placing several bottles on
the sideboard, asked her to please in-
struct him as to which glasses should be
used for port, and which for sherry
or champagne.

"I had an idea, Master Milton," she
said, "that your father wouldn't just
like to see you tamper with that
stuff; fact, I didn't s'pose you knew
there was such to be had around here."

It was Milton's turn to open wide his
eyes in genuine surprise, as he answered
proudly:—

"Father always expects me to do
what he does. I never saw the time
yet that I wasn't at perfect liberty to
pattern from my father."

Mrs. Case made no audible reply, but
she muttered to herself as she went
slowly for the slim cut glasses: "More's
the pity you ever found out that sly
habit of your father's betimes."

It was evening again, and moon-
light. The afternoon sail had been de-
lightful, and the friends had separated
in genial mood, well satisfied with the
choice feast and refreshing breezes with
which on the hot July day they had
been regaled. When near home, Mr.
Haversham had been joined by his
friend, the rector, who had not been
able to make one of the yachting party,
duty calling in another direction.

"I think my son's friends have
gone," said Mr. Haversham. "I was
sorry not to have come home sooner,
but the lad will entertain his friends
again before long very likely; then I
shall hope to enjoy them with him."

"I saw several youths go by in the
direction of the depot about an hour
ago," said the rector; "I thought,
too, they seemed in 'wondrous merry
mood.'"

"Well, whipped cream, coffee and
lemonade, taken with other good things,
do not come amiss even on a hot day,"
said Mr. Haversham pleasantly.

They had reached the entrance to
the grounds, and began a slow ascent
of the stone steps of the terraces. It
seemed very still, and Mr. Haversham
remarked that they might as well go
around by the side lawn where the
feast had been spread. As they
rounded the side walk, it became ap-
parent that Mrs. Case and the girls
were clearing the table, but there was
Milton, still seated in a chair, his coat
off, his curly hair disheveled, while
with his head on his arms, and his arms
on the table, he was in a deep sleep,
and was breathing heavily—a labored,
driving kind of breathing, the sound
of which sent a deathly chill to his
father's heart. On the board before
him stood empty decanters, and scat-
tered here and there the graceful little
cell-tale glasses.

If only the Right Rev. Arthur Puriston
had not been close at his side, Mr.
Haversham could have borne it better.
As it was, he sat hushly, with that
prompt acknowledgment of conscious
misfortune and error which demands
sympathy from its very manliness,—
"I see I've made a direful mistake,
Rector, one I hope to God it is not too
late to rectify."

"It's never too late to correct a fault,
dear friend," said the rector affectu-
ously; "but let's get this dear lad in
bed before Forbes comes, then I'll go
home."

"I might control my own faults, and
perhaps correct them," said Mr. Hav-
ersham, still in that husky tone, "but
may God have mercy on my poor
child!"

Very tenderly the father ministered
to his son the next day while the rag-
ing headache, the exaction of over-in-
dulgence, completely prostrated him.
But towards night the pain abated, and
Milton recognized the pained expres-
sion on his father's fine face.

"I'm sure I hope I did no wrong,"
he said, "in going to the wine cellar.
I heard your instructions to Forbes
night before last, and concluded at
once that I might use anything you
thought it right to. I should have
asked about it first, only that I had no
opportunity. I easily found the key in
the cabinet, and as most of my friends
were in the habit of using wine when
at home, I was glad to be able to offer
it before, were not affected as I was."

Mr. Haversham seemed absorbed in
rather melancholy reflections, and but

little more was said that night. Early
the next morning, before he was fairly
awake, Milton had a half-conscious
conviction that work of some kind was
going vigorously on downstairs. There
seemed to be a knocking away of a
part of the house at the foundations—
at least, such was the impression of
his waking thoughts.

At breakfast his father was cheerful,
but still wore a serious and half-pained
expression. As they arose from the table
Mr. Haversham said, gently slip-
ping his arm through Milton's,—
"My boy, come downstairs with me
a moment, will you? I want to tell
you something."

In a moment they were on the clean,
cemented floor of the cellar, and Milton
gazed wonderingly on the perfectly
vacant spot where two days before had
stood the compact wine closet.

"My son!" said Mr. Haversham,
with a slow, emphatic utterance lend-
ing force to each word. "I am—
never—going to have a wine closet in
my house again as long as I live!
There is not a drop of alcoholic liquor
in this building at this moment, from
tower to base. I mean there never
shall be again. I do not blame you for
what happened on the Fourth; I have
been accustomed to teach you that my
example was to be followed in my daily
habits; but I've secretly wronged you,
my dear boy, wronged you mercilessly.
If God Almighty will only forgive me
and save you from the curse I've se-
cretly harbored, I propose hereafter to
treat strong drink exactly as I would
the serpent to which the Scriptures
liken it. And I beg your pardon,
Milton, humbly, for the temptation to
which I knowingly exposed you."

It made a deep, ineffaceable impression
on the young man's mind—his grand,
noble father, with contrite spirit and
quivering voice, acknowledging his sin
and solemnly vowing never to repeat it.
And before he slept that night, Mr.
Haversham went, in company with his
son, to the house of one of the ladies
who had called on him a few weeks be-
fore, and said that upon reconsidera-
tion he had decided to add his name to
the list of those heads of families who
pledged themselves to abstain from the
use of intoxicants themselves, and to
try to induce others to do so also.

That evening, as Mr. Roger Hav-
ersham and his friend, the Right Rev.
Arthur Puriston, sat serenely convers-
ing on the piazza, the latter was a lit-
tle startled at hearing Mr. Haversham sud-
denly burst forth with unaccustomed
vehemence:—

"I tell you, Rector, you never spoke
truer, more prophetic words in your
life than when you said, a few nights
ago, alluding to the occasional use of
strong drink—you remember—'tam-
per with a dangerous temptation, and
you invite a nemesis almost sure to re-
coil, with unwelcome swiftness, on your
own head.' Then you added some-
thing about wishing you could see me
resolve never to touch or taste the poi-
son again. I never shall, so help me
Almighty God! For I tell you, Rector,
should the threatened vengeance con-
tinue, I—had—rather—lay my prom-
ising boy in the grave beside his moth-
er, than ever see him going—that
way!"

"But the loyal fellow declares he al-
ways has followed, and always means
to follow, his father's example and
walk in his footsteps. In that case, he
will never tow his dear head again in
helpless unconsciousness from having
indulged in unlawful luxuries at the
board whose meat or drink his peni-
tent father has furnished."

Our Exchanges.

BY SITO.

A New Revelation to Some.—A sweet
temper is also the essential condition of
correct thinking.—*Methodist Times.*

Chicago Recovering.—Keep still,
down there, you Maine fellows! You'll
scare all the fish.—*Chicago Times.*

All There is of Home Rule.—We are
only asked to give to Ireland what has
already been given with the very best
results to our colonies.—*London Christian
World.*

Just Where It Always Pinches.—When
business competition is adjusted on
the new basis, it will be the con-
sumer who must bear the cost of the
change.—*Christian Register.*

Somebody Needs This.—Don't try to
be some one else. There is only one
Person worth imitating; and the way
to imitate is by living in Him.—*Chris-
tian Union.*

What If All Should Need This?—We
need each other's forbearance as well
as encouragement in order to do
our best. We do not all see alike; we
cannot all work in the same way.—
Golden Rule.

They Will If Wise.—The Knights
will no doubt profit by their dearly-
bought experience; and in the effort to
retrieve their former standing, we look
for a return to good sense and a pro-
tracted period of peace.—*Central
Christian Advocate.*

Unswearable.—The slave who lab-
ors twelve hours a day is in a better
state than the serf who is bound to work
seven days in each week. The man
who abolishes Sunday for "his own
pleasure" is in danger of the latter
fate.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

A Universal Want.—WANTED—
Men and women to engage in religious
work in—church. Any who are
willing to give a portion of their time
to visiting the sick, ministering con-
solation to the afflicted, and preaching the
gospel from house to house, will find

constant employment with satisfactory
compensation.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Common Sense.—It is as much the
duty of the police to enforce the liquor
law, as any other law, to arrest a man
selling without license, or to minors on
Sunday, as to arrest a thief. The police
are sworn to enforce all laws.—*Provi-
dence Star.*

Not "The Flag of the Free."—The
red flag of the communist or anarchist
is not the flag of this or of any other
country. The men who unfurl it are
as much worse than a wild beast as
mind is superior to instinct in its power
to work ruin.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Almost Inevitable Result.—The
safest and best policy is to curtail busi-
ness and teach the lesson that it is
easier to destroy business, and cut off
the supplies from mouths, than to pro-
duce or increase it. The wise will take
in sail, and go slow until the storm be
overpast.—*Presbyterian.*

Two Very Scarc Things.—Genius is
scarce in this world, and perfection is
more so. Therefore do not expect
either in your minister, and moderate
anticipations on your part will perhaps
protect him from bitter criticism and
you from bitter disappointment.—
Western Christian Advocate.

A Modern Rip Van Winkle.—"Chris-
tianity doomed!" Where has Mr. Froth-
ingham been during the past fifty years?
Has he just waked up from a Rip Van
Winkle sleep? Christianity doomed!
Why, Christianity was never more alive
and more potent than it is to-day, and
never was it doing more in the line of
ethical culture than it is now doing.—
Philadelphia Methodist.

Hard on Howells.—In describing
a group of silver birches, a young girl's
complexion, a New England pasture
covered with brakes and boulders, the
shavings around a carpenter's bench,
his skill will satisfy the most exacting
literary re-Raphaelite. But he seems
never to have come in contact with the
nobility that, fortunately for the world,
does exist in human nature.—*Inter-
ior.*

Christianity and Civilization are
not Against the Chinese.—On the one
hand we see at the first glance, the for-
eigner,

BY REV. J. H. ALLEN.

*Erste Abdruck der im Auftrage der Eisenacher deutschen evangelischen Kirchenconferenz revidierten Bibel. (Sogenannte Probebibel.) Halle Verlag der Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. 1808

Whether this Bible shall come into popular use, many improvements have been made, and we must not forget these while looking at the blemishes.

BY REV. H. E. FROHOCK

Bishop Warren's visit to East Main
has certainly done us all great good.
has incited to a greater care in the ma

BY REV. W. B. GOODWIN, D. D.

But, in all seriousness, we hope that it may provoke some to good works.

The prize contest in declamation showed good training in elocution. T

In the same series we have, **THE STORY OF NORWAY**, by Hjalmar Boyesen, of Columbia College. The accomplished author says it has been his ambition for years to prepare suc-

in a style so clear and popular that the general reader will readily follow the line of thought and be easily won to its perusal and study.

4. When Jesus heard that Jesus heard it." He said — not to the messenger, only

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ministers and people, and Rev. Dr. Bates, as president of the meeting, made everybody feel at home. Rev. L. P. Cushman, of New Orleans, conducted the devotional exercises, after which Bro. S. L. Breen, of North End, Boston, gave an excellent address on "Mission Work in Our Local Churches," with special reference to the needs and methods of work in that portion of the city in which he labors. Bishop Mallien being present, was warmly greeted, and gave a very vivid and interesting account of the work of our church in Louisiana, Texas, etc. He spoke encouragingly of the development of the colored people and of our schools, colleges, and other educational enterprises, which are performing so great a part in the reconstruction of society in those States. Rev. Dr. Chapman, of Brooklyn, was present, and spoke pleasantly of New York Methodism. An elegant collation was spread in the vestry, and Dr. Knowles and a number of the lady members of his church gave every attention to their guests. The occasion was one of great enjoyment to all who were present, and the meeting before breaking up passed a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Knowles and his people. It was voted to accept an invitation from the Dorchester M. E. Church to meet with them, Monday, July 12. A collation will be served at the close of the morning session. Rev. Dr. J. W. Hamilton is announced to speak on "Our Church Work in the Southern States."

Personal.—Rev. M. B. Chapman, D. D., preached his old charge, Harvard St. Church, Cambridge, on Sunday, June 27. He was very heartily welcomed by his many friends, and gave great pleasure by his Sunday's service. He was on exchange with the pastor, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Westfield.—Principal Scott of the State Normal School has just closed his twenty-fifth year of service in connection with that school, and the event was appropriately observed by the institution on the occasion of the graduation exercises and the triennial reunion of the alumni. Mrs. Livermore gave a very fine address, "A Dream of Tomorrow," which was one of the very best of the many excellent addresses delivered by this gifted lady in Westfield. Nearly four hundred guests assembled at the tables in the large dining hall of the institution, where Prof. True, now of Middletown, presided over the exercises. Music, flowers, bright speeches, and much good feeling rendered this the pleasantest occasion of the kind ever held in the school. C. A. Richardson, esq., of Boston, was chosen president of the Association.

Lynn, South St.—The new pastor, Rev. Chas. Young, has been very cordially received, and has already found his way to the hearts of the people. The social meetings are well attended and very interesting, and quite a number of the young people have recently given their hearts to the Saviour. Sunday, June 20, was observed as Children's Day. The church was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers. In the morning the pastor preached an excellent sermon to the children, and in the evening a fine concert was given by the Sunday-school.

Newtonville.—The faithful superintendent, Bro. G. H. Loomis, has been greatly afflicted by the sudden death of his wife, Mrs. Mary J. Loomis, which occurred at her home, June 24. Mrs. Loomis was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Though in poor health for several years, her end was unexpected, and is a severe affliction to her family and many friends. Her remains were carried to Springfield, Mass., for burial.

Rev. Edgar E. Davidson, the successful evangelist, was married to Miss M. E. Gage, of Newtonville, in the M. E. Church, in presence of a large number of relatives and friends, on Wednesday, June 30. The service was performed by Rev. F. R. Holway, pastor of the church. Bro. Davidson and wife were the recipients of many and costly presents from the large circle of friends to which they belong. Soon after the marriage ceremony was performed, they left for a bridal trip to Newport, R. I.

Obituary.—Children's Day was successfully observed in the M. E. Church here. There was a profusion of both natural and cultivated flowers. The morning service was occupied by addresses from Rev. N. D. George and the pastor, Rev. W. J. Hambleton. The concert in the afternoon was very fine under the direction of the excellent superintendent, C. W. Russell. Last Sabbath afternoon the congregation had the privilege of hearing the new providing elder for North Boston district for the first time. He preached an excellent sermon, gained the esteem of the members of the quarterly conference, and added interest to the evening service. This charge is fortunate in having two esteemed members of the New England Conference and their families within its bounds. Both of these brethren—Revs. N. D. George and L. A. Bosworth—have done good service in the cause, and are heartily welcomed by the pastor. This church has been blessed with good and true ministers for a score and a half of years. It has some excellent men and women in its membership, and they are expecting great prosperity this year.

East Gloucester.—Last year, under the direction of Rev. S. B. Sweetser, an M. E. church was organized and a chapel built here. We are doing well, but are sadly in need of books for our Sunday-school. Our work has a humble origin, but, under God, it has grown rapidly. Less than two years ago, eighteen little children were picked up from the streets, and a Sunday-school started. We have now a school of seventy members and ten teachers. We have a few books, but they have been read and re-read by our scholars. We

therefore make an appeal through ZION'S HERALD for such books as are suitable for a Sunday-school library. Our work is mostly among the fishing population. All our members are supported directly or indirectly by fishing. We have a grand opportunity here to do good—to care for the many widows and orphan children in this place. Religious papers can be disposed of to good advantage aboard the many ships which enter here. Every effort is being made, as far as our means go, to reach the seamen. Five fishermen were converted in our meetings last winter. If our people knew the need, I am sure we should receive liberal aid. Send all books and papers to the pastor,

CARL A. ANDERSON,
East Gloucester, Mass.

Whitman.—Wednesday evening, June 16, Rev. W. Miller and wife were given a happy surprise. They had gone out to make a short call, and on their return found their home in possession of an enthusiastic company, numbering about a hundred. The parsonage not being adequate to make all comfortable, they adjourned to the church. Here the company was entertained with music and reading, followed by the serving of ice cream. The "pounding" was done in a very scientific manner. The well-filled pantry at the parsonage indicated the generosity of the people. In all probability this event would have transpired before, had not the pastor been engaged in school duties at the Theological School of Boston University, and so had not moved his family into the place. His people are extending to him a very hearty reception.

Nantucket.—On Tuesday evening, June 8, a large company of friends connected with the Centre St. M. E. Church and congregation gathered at the parsonage to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the pastor's marriage. It was a delightful occasion. The events of the evening illustrated the social tastes of the people no less than their generous impulses. When the guests departed, they left many tokens of their good will, aggregating in amount over forty dollars. The pastor and his wife are deeply grateful.

MAINE.

Children's Day was observed last Sabbath at South Berwick. The ladies of the society decorated the church beautifully, the children had a sermon from the pastor in the morning, and they gave an excellent concert in the evening. A good collection was taken for educational purposes.

The Conference year opens with a good revival interest at Waterville. Quite a number have been converted, and the interest is increasing. Bro. Sterling always makes a strong and helpful impression on his charges, and his last year is always his best among his people.

Old Orchard observed Children's Day last Sabbath with decorations of the large audience-room, an address by Rev. H. Chase, the pastor, and a service in which the children were the principal actors. A good collection was raised for the education fund. Old Orchard is slowly growing into a hopeful society. Unity of spirit and action at this point would give us in a few years one of our most desirable appointments. The camp-ground is in fine shape for the coming meetings, and the people are expecting one of the best seasons for spiritual good.

By the death of Sister John Hilton, of Biddeford, the Methodist church in that city receives between four and five thousand dollars. She made by will a few other bequests, but the larger part of her property was given to the church.

Children's service last Sabbath at the First Methodist Church at Kittery was an enjoyable occasion. Rev. F. Groveron preached an interesting sermon to the children, in the midst of a beautiful floral display.

Rev. C. E. Cummings, of Bridgton, discussed the labor and capital question last Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. Whittier, who held union revival services in South Berwick last winter, which resulted in a general quickening of the churches and the hopeful conversion of sixty or more persons, held a union reunion service in the Congregational church last Sabbath evening. A large congregation was present, and all the pastors of the place. Several arose for prayers at the close of the service. By a public test, it was found that four-fifths of all who had been converted were converted before twenty-five years of age. Only two of all present were converted between forty-five and sixty-five.

Children's Day was observed by the M. E. Church at Newfield. The sermon was by the pastor, Rev. W. F. Marshall, in the morning, and a children's concert was given in the evening. The concert was one of the best. The superintendent of the school is a lady, Sister Mary Straw, and she shows herself to be well acquainted with every part of her work. The recitations by the children were pleasing and interesting, and the singing was excellent. Great credit is due Sister Delia Waterhouse, who had the children on drill for several weeks. Her services added much to the interest of the occasion. The floral decorations were beautiful.

Children's Day was a very interesting anniversary at Bowdoinham. Rev. A. C. Trafton, the pastor, delivered an address to the young people in the morning, and in the evening an entertaining concert exercise was given by the children and young people before a crowded house. Miss Yates gave a lecture upon her work in North China Tuesday evening, which was a thrilling and graceful tribute to the missionary cause, that will prove a new inspiration to the people.

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

South Berwick.—Bro. Luce was working assiduously toward the erection

of a new church edifice. He feels, and the people feel, that this is essential to the future life and prosperity of the society. If this cannot be accomplished, Methodism here will become extinct. Yet there is no place in the Maine Conference that has more promising outlook than this if a church is built. To accomplish this, more than usual generosity will be needed. It will demand self-denial and the most rigid economy, and even then, unless aid from without is extended, we fear it will fail of accomplishment. If Auburn needed help and has proved the wisdom of the help afforded in being raised from the verge of despondency to be one of the most flourishing churches of the Conference, South Berwick needs it more, with a prospect of results equally encouraging to Methodism and honorable to Christianity. Brethren, rise to the help of South Berwick! Take a collection in each of your churches, and send it to Bro. Luce.

Berwick promises to rival Great Falls in Methodist energy, aggressiveness, and spirit. The latter is becoming largely Catholic in the composition of its population; the former is Protestant, and the Protestants are largely Methodists. The society here is united, buoyant, and thorough-going. The church has been made more attractive by a new coat of paint. The quarterly meeting was largely attended, and the Sabbath school with prayers and testimonies whose number and fervency indicated an excellent condition of spiritual life.

The Ministerial Association here was a time of intellectual, spiritual and physical enjoyment. The essays were good and well discussed. The sermons were exhortational, spiritual and practical, delivered with an unction that softened and penetrated, and a pointedness which none could escape or help feeling. The entertainment accorded by the good people and the pastor was most generous and highly appreciated by the recipients; nothing more so than the ice-cream and cake provided by the pastor's wife, of which all the ministerial brethren were invited to partake, and of which most of them availed themselves. A row upon the river in boats furnished by the pastor to the ministers remaining, ended the enjoyments of the occasion.

Baldwin and Hiram.—The societies here are moving steadily forward under the care of Bro. G. W. Barber. The new chapel at Hiram now nearing its completion promises to be a gem of beauty as well as a needed accommodation to the religious want of the community. It is hoped that the health of our venerable brother, Rev. D. B. Randall, will be such at the time of its completion as to allow of his dedicating it. This is desired and intended, as he dedicated the old house, devotedly, to the Methodists and Free Baptists of the United States of America; of which there is now only one trustee remaining, and he a Methodist. To whom does it belong? Will someone answer?

We are sorry to have to say that the estimable wife of the pastor, Sister Barber, is fast sinking under the power of a most virulent cancer. Though gradually growing weaker and suffering great pain of body, she is calm, collected, patient, triumphant, even joyful. With mingled pleasure and sadness we knelt and prayed with her on the Sabbath, knowing that, to all human appearance, it would be the last in which her voice would respond "Amen!" to prayer offered by us.

Cornish is strong and united. Bro. Hamilton is earnest and active. The Sabbath-school is flourishing under the guidance of the faithful superintendent, Bro. Ezra B. Pike. The class and prayer-meetings are well attended. The putting of a new vestry under the church, is contemplated at a cost of \$1,500—a thing much needed, both for the convenience and comfort of worshippers.

Kear Falls.—Bro. H. B. Mitchell, the new pastor, is winning the affection and good-will of the people as well as the membership of the church. This under ordinary circumstances would perhaps not be worth mentioning; but with a community made up of such heterogeneous elements religiously as this is, it is noteworthy. His congregation consists of Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Free Baptists, Buzzelites, Bullockites, Universalists, Adventists, with a sprinkling of Spiritualists, and last, though not least, Methodists. Of all these, he has the pastoral oversight. If ever the injunction of the Saviour to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves," needed heeding, it is here; and it is heeded. Since we last met here a new carpet at an expense of about \$150 has been put down in the church, and has been paid for by the Ladies' Circle.

W. S. J.

EAST MAINE.

BUCKSPORT DISTRICT.

Sullivan.—This in its arrangement is a new field of labor, but promises to be of interest both to pastor and people. The charge is pleasantly arranged as to the labor, and for beauty and grandeur of scenery it is not excelled on the Maine coast. A man of discretion and experience was needed to take charge, and such a one was appointed. The people appreciate it, and we hear they say, "The top of the barrel" proves good. We can assure them that the contents will prove good all down through. It is safe to predict a year of success to all parties. With good gospel sermons, faithful pastoral work, and a model home in neatness and taste, the good qualities of the results are fixed from the first.

Machias.—Sunday, June 27, six persons were baptized and four received into the church. The pastor and wife, who are very popular with all the people, recently received a present from their society of a carpet for their sitting-room. These kind acts bless both pastor and people. We would others would go and do likewise.

Columbia Falls.—The congregations have increased, and much interest is being kindled. Fifty dollars have been raised to secure books for the Sunday-school library. The pastor, with his usual "snap," is collecting money for repairs.

Surry.—This charge seems to think, judging by the cheer and courage of the people, that they have got about the best part of the cream of the Conference. We doubt if they would exchange even for the presiding elder, or the Bishop who presided at our late Conference. The year opens most grandly.

Pembroke.—The pastor, Rev. B. S. Arty, baptized five persons last Sabbath, and recently received six on probation. This is a pleasant charge, and has been favored by receiving so able a preacher and faithful worker.

Harrington.—The pastor is hard at work making changes upon the parsonage property. There is a debt of \$1,000 on this property, which the pastor intends shall be paid this summer. It is hoped all who hear from him will be inclined to help. The field of labor is promising, it being one of the finest villages on the coast. Our society, however, is yet weak, and needs financial help.

Penobscot.—This charge starts out on its year's work with much more than usual interest. The pastor has secured already a hold upon and a large place within the hearts of the people.

E. Z. A.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—Rev. D. C. Knowles is to speak at Chautauqua this year on "Sabbath Day," which occurs Wednesday, July 28. His subject is, "Social, Religious, and other Distinguishing Features of Methodist Episcopal Seminars." He is one of the first New Hampshire men to appear on the Chautauqua platform.

Rev. J. M. Williams and wife, of Manchester, have reversed the order of things by tendering a reception to the people of St. Paul's church. It took place Tuesday evening, June 22. The parsonage was filled with people, who were introduced to the new pastor and wife. After an hour spent in this manner, the company adjourned to the vestry, where ice-cream and cake had been provided for the multitude by Bro. Williams; but prior to its serving, Mr. S. W. Clarke, in a somewhat facetious speech, presented Mrs. Williams and her husband with a silver service. Bro. W. replied in a very witty speech. The time chosen for this reception was the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. The affair marked a very auspicious opening of the socialities under the new pastorate.

Epping camp-ground is to have some new life infused into it this summer. Several things are talked of. They are not likely to be all talk. A competent committee is arranging for a Sunday-school assembly, to cover four or five days. Mrs. Durrell is preparing for a Young Ladies' Convention. She is now corresponding with speakers, and hopes to make it the most interesting meeting they have had on the district. It is probable that a temperance convention will be held. These will be followed by the camp-meeting.

Salem Depot extended a cordial welcome to their new pastor, Rev. E. L. House. On Wednesday evening, June 16, they gave him a good "pounding," and struck him with twenty dollars in cash. He felt better after the blow than before. Congregations are on the increase. The Sunday-school is the largest in the history of the church. Souls are inquiring the way of life.

When Rev. G. C. Noyes reached his new home at Hillsboro, he was cordially welcomed. On going to the parsonage, they found a good supply of food in the pantry. Everything starts off well. Churches are encouraged and hopeful. One young man has been converted—a strong, clear case. The young people's meetings are well attended. Children's Day was observed very successfully. The pastor preached to the children. The churches were beautifully trimmed.

A meeting for the "promotion of holiness" will be held in the grove at North Wakefield, N. H., August 3-6.

Bro. Allen is doing good work on his charge at Milton Mills. It is not work of small amount he does in looking after the spiritual interests of the people. After preaching Sunday morning and attending Sunday-school, he rides twelve and a half miles, preaches, attends Sunday-school again, and returns home for the evening meeting. Each Wednesday evening he repeats the same night; so that each time he visits his second charge, he must ride twenty-five miles. God greatly blesses him in his work.

On Tuesday, June 15, the new pastor of Raymond, Rev. C. M. Howard, was united in marriage to Miss Mabel Bickford, of Dover. The ceremony was performed at the latter place by the groom's father, Rev. M. Howard, of Salem, N. H. The newly-married pair were scarcely installed in the parsonage at Raymond, when, on the evening of June 17, they were treated to a vigorous "pounding" by a large company of their parishioners. Inasmuch, however, as the punishment was well sweetened, the final effect was far from disastrous.

A very pleasant affair occurred at the Methodist parsonage in Peterboro, May 24. It was the tenth marriage anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hardy, the new pastor of the society. About forty of his parishioners and nearest neighbors gathered there, giving them with money and useful household articles to the value of \$20 or more, as testimonials of regard. Daniel Emery made the presentation, to which Mr. Hardy appropriately responded. Rev. A. H. Burr was present and offered remarks.

(Continued on page 8.)

Money Letters from June 30 to July 3.
W. H. Adams, O. W. Adams, H. D. Bourne, M. F. Bowen, A. W. Brown, C. M. Call, E. Beale, L. Brown, J. W. Barker, S. H. Beale, J. Barker, C. Byrne, H. H. Chandler, W. Canham, G. E. Davis, A. Daggett, D. R. Ford, H. E. Foss, E. H. Greene, R. F. Hartshorn, F. Harris, J. E. Hawkins, J. E. Kemp, T. W. Kimball, C. H. Leverton, D. E. Miller, W. C. Newell, F. H. Norton, J. A. Parker, J. Porter, J. J. Pike, Mrs. B. F. Pease, P. Reynolds, G. M. Sully, O. S. Shattuck, M. C. Townsend, D. M. True, F. A. Thayer, I. H. W. Ward, T. M. West.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the third page Every Week for announcements of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

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The Family.

DECORATION DAY POEM.

BY COMRADE SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

(MR. EDITOR: The following was written by request for the colored boys in blue, who decorate the colored soldiers' graves in Arlington, Va., at a portion of the estate quite removed from the white boys in blue. They marched around the graves singing "John Brown's Body," and other hymns of their own, scattering the flowers as they passed. Then several of the boys delivered brief addresses, followed by a short prayer. The singing is luxuriously sweet and touching. Over two thousand colored boys were sleeping there.)

Come, comrades, loyal, brave and true,
Who wore with pride the bonny blue;
Remember those who died for you,
Honor our fallen braves!

With flags and flowers in your hand,
March forth, a loving, reverent band,
To where stout hearts and spirits grand
Sleep in their holy beds.

Come forth with solemn music sweet,
And forward march with willing feet,
And tenderly your offerings meet
Upon their bosoms lay,—

Singing a song of heavenly rest,
The requiem of the heroes best,
Whose hands so often warmly prest
Your own in joy or grief.

They died, our boys of Africa's race,
To save the land from fell disgrace,
Mid battle flames stood face to face
Before the monster Death.

They fought for liberty and life,
Amid the smoke of fearful strife,
"War to the death, war to the knife!"
Their awful battle-cry.

"War to the death," with feeble breath,
"War to the knife, and war to death!"
Until the victor's laurel wreath
Shall crown the freeman's brow.

"No peace until there floats on high
Our flag of stars," their thrilling cry;
"Under its folds we'll live or die—
The banner of the free!"

They fought, our heroes, long and well,
For liberty and life they fell,
To save their race from slavery's hell
Of shame and foul disgrace.

They fought for God, and truth, and right,
"Gaiest hell and Satan's cruel might,
Gainst freedom's foes and slavery's night,
They fought, and won their crown.

To-day with joy and thankful pride
We deck the graves of those who died,
Sleeping in honor side by side
From earthly sorrow free.

The nation lives, to die no more;
Our flag of freedom evermore
Over the land from shore to shore
In matchless beauty floats.

And Africa's sons, who fought with pride,
Her daughters, who were crucified;
Her mothers, lashed until they died,
Have entered heavenly rest.

Now the white Christ of freedom reigns,
Now liberty and peace obtains;
Oh, nevermore shall slavery's chains
On blood-bought freemen lie.

Then, comrades loyal, brave and true,
Decked in your garb of heavenly blue,
Remember those who died for you,
Sleeping in honored graves!

METHODIST SCHOOLS.

BY REV. E. COOKE, D. D.

"Why do not Methodist people send their sons to their own denominational colleges?" is a question we hear asked frequently. Mr. Editor, we claim to be no bigot, nor are we prejudiced against the educational institutions not under our control. They are all important factors in the civilization and religious education of the country. But in what particulars are they superior to those of the better class erected and managed by the Methodists? Some of us can remember when there were no institutions for higher education where Methodist students could be placed with the assurance that their morals would be safe and their religious convictions be treated with due respect. Our fathers felt this state of things most keenly, and set at work in earnest to remedy the evil complained of. How did the sainted Fisk and his co-laborers scour the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, and in fact, all New England, to raise means for building schools where the youth of Methodist families could be educated without being in danger of losing their religious fervor, or being alienated from the church their parents loved so well! We remember, too, the sacrifices made for this object, such as we do not know at this day. We have seen the preachers at the Conferences bringing in their offerings, and from their scanty salaries paying almost the last dollar, scarcely leaving enough to carry them back to their circuits. What was the result? A class of middle schools or seminaries for both sexes sprung up all through the Northern and Western States. These were soon filled to overflowing, and have had almost or quite unparalleled success. They were not only people's colleges for the masses, but they also provided for thorough classical instruction, preparing students for the best colleges. The religious influence exerted has always been a marked characteristic of these schools, and many a parent from other evangelical churches has given them a preference solely on that account.

Then came the second stage in the history of Methodist institutions. Our young men in considerable numbers desired collegiate and theological training. Hence arose new wants and new dangers. The silken cords of literary and social respectability, although assumptions mainly, when skillfully woven around a young man, are far more potent to eradicate his theological preferences, or emasculate all his denominational strength, than open and fierce persecution. The need of Methodist colleges and schools of theology became apparent at once to the whole church. Look again at the results of this conviction. We have now three Schools of Theology that will compare favorably with any in the land, and others rapidly pushing their way to the front. We have Methodist colleges in all parts of the country, and in suffi-

cient numbers to meet the wants of our people. Many of them are ably offered and respectfully endowed, doing a grand work for the denomination and the country. Our members have come nobly to the work, when their financial circumstances are considered, and the few really wealthy ones have poured out their millions to meet these demands. A few of our ablest colleges are well provided with buildings and all the appointments necessary for doing good and thorough work; they are well officered with able and learned faculties, and have money endowments exceeded by other colleges comparatively few in number.

And yet with all these efforts and accumulations to meet the wants of our people, what do we see at the present time? Some of our laymen, members of the Annual Conferences, men holding official positions, college presidents and others in high stations, to whom the people look for examples, sending their sons to institutions where the influences must be to lead them away from Methodism. What is the influence of all this? It is saying to our young men that other colleges are preferable to those Methodism has reared at so great sacrifice. And it is saying that drifting away from the M. E. Church is a matter of little consequence.

What wonder, then, that so many of the young men among us prefer other colleges than our own, and finally are lost to the church of their fathers? The evil frequently begins at the preparatory school. There are certain schools that are able and excellent in their preparatory work, but who ever knew of a student's going from them to a Methodist college? If our members will send their sons to these preparatory or middle schools, however excellent, they must expect the current to sweep them away from Methodism usages and sympathies. But the evil is not all told yet or hinted at. If this thing goes on, it must have a damaging effect on the efforts to further endow our colleges. Our wealthy laymen are watching the way the current trends, and feel deeply on account of it. They are beginning to ask the question: "What is the use to give our hard earnings to endow Methodist colleges if our own people will not patronize them in preference to others?"

Newton Centre, Mass.

AN ANGEL'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY PROF. MARCUS D. BUELL.

You are a minister. You had an interview with a young man yesterday. It was plain to you as he came in that he had something on his mind; his eye, his face, his gait, betrayed the fact even before he uttered a word. When the doors were shut, he unbosomed his secret. He is called to preach. He had decided at last to obey the call. He had come to ask your advice about the preliminary training he needs. He will do what you say. An opportunity an angel might covet! And you made the wisest use of it; you told him that a call to preach meant a call to prepare to preach. He will thank you for your counsel in coming years; his future congregations would reverence your memory if they could know of your good deed.

You would have been glad to have had the right kind of a brief and pointed tract or article on the subject to put into his hand after you had prayed with him and were saying good-by. What you wanted is Tract No. 142 (New Series), and its title is: "Preparation for the Ministry." Would it not be well to note name and number in your memorandum-book while you think of it? Or, better still, write an order for a copy on the back of a postal-card (before another line of this newspaper is read), and address to Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, or Messrs. Cranston & Stowe, Boston University, School of Theology.

BIRD NOTES.

Six poplars trees, in golden green,
Stand up the sweet May snow between—
The snow of plum and pear-tree bloom—
And I, looking down from my little room,
Call to the bird on the bough: "What cheer?"
And he replies for answer: "The spring is here!"

A month goes by with its sun and rain,
And a roseland taps at my window-pane;
I see in the garden down below
The tall white lilies in stately row;
The birds are pecking the cherries red;
"Summer is sweet," the starlings said.
Again I look from my casement down;
The leaves are changing to red and brown;
And overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
"Wither away, sweet birds," I cry.
"Autumn is come," they make reply.
Silenly, coldly, the north winds blow;
Silenly falls the pure white snow;
Of birds and blossoms I am bereft,
And the birds and chirps at my window-pane;
"Take heart," the stars will return again."
—FLORENCE TYLER, in Chambers' Journal.

MRS. SLACK'S JOURNAL.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

May 1st.

At last I have a servant, though I suppose she would feel it the greatest of insults if I were to call her by that name. I heard her, one day, talking with the English girl at the next house, and she explained that she was "stoppin' with Mrs. Slack to help her through her spring work and at same time obtain funds to finish out my learning."

Rosalie was churning, that morning, in the shade of the trees on the west side of the house, and the neighbor's Sarah was leaning on the fence. I was in the children's bedroom, window open and blinds closed. Rosalie went on (giving her left arm a sweep that seemed to embrace the universe, while she kept the right arm going up and down with the dasher—a most wonderful example of compound motion): "These yere people and them ones to your house ain't no iota better 'n me and me only because they have got learning. I made up my mind, years ago, I wa'n't goin' to set to nobody's

second table any longer 'n I could help, but I'd get learning enough to teach school or tend in a store. There's Mrs. Slack, this blessed minit, settin' as commodious as you please, a readin', or sewin', or somethin', in the mornin', and here I be doin' her work for her! There's somethin' or 'nother all wrong about this er thing, and I for one ain't agoin' to stand it. I heard a man lectur three years ago in Missouri, and he said that if any one only had learning, it would lift her up to any place. I tell you, that was a number-one lecture. Folks came in for miles to hear it. There was a big tent, and it was fifty cents to go in."

"Did you pay fifty cents to hear a man talk?" asked Sarah, who was saving her money for "a summer silk."

"Catch me! I didn't pay no fifty cents, but I got close to the rope, and I could hear about as well as though I'd been in the tent, and I stood where I could see him all the time. He was one of the big guns from New York. Took a bath every night, and he made a big fuss 'cause he couldn't have a bath-tub where he stopped. I always felt glad I heard him. His name was in the papers every day for a long while. 'Twas—why! 'twas—oh, 'twas Beecher; knew I'd think of it after awhile. I never shall forget what he said about everybody gettin' learning, and bein' somebody in the world. I always did feel as though I was as good as anybody. I wa'n't made to be nobody's pack-horse. I think the way hired girls is put upon is an inquisition. At the last place I worked, the woman always took the jelly of the table before I set down—jus' as though jelly's too good for me!"

"What'd you do about it?" inquired Sarah.

"Quit. That's why I'm here. But I shan't stay here long." Here Rosalie lowered her voice to a stage whisper, as though the news was of too solemn import to be divulged in ordinary tones: "I'm goin' to college!"

A few days after I last wrote in my journal, in March, I was taken very ill with throat distemper. Every bone in my body ached, and I could hardly keep out of bed. There were no servant girls to be had in town, so I was forced to do some of my work if I were sick. One afternoon I was lying on the lounge and feeling so ill that I almost ceased to care whether or not I ever felt any better, when I began to pray. I told the Lord that I could go no farther, and I must have a servant. He knew that I was going to send a draft to the great bank of heaven, and He was ready to honor it. Leastwise that's the way William explains it. It wasn't two hours after I offered that prayer before Mrs. Harding, my next neighbor, came in, and said that there was a girl at her house who had come to go to school, but her husband talked with her at dinner-time and advised her to wait until the fall term of school opened. The girl told her that if she could get a place to work, she would wait before. Her head was aching as it never ached before. I told Mrs. Harding to lower the shades and go home, and send that angel right over. The girl came, and I instantly engaged her; and she was just the girl I wanted for the spring house-cleaning.

I speak of her in the past tense, for Rosalie, with all her delicious malapropos sayings, has gone. But I do believe she came in answer to prayer, though Mrs. Harding says she thinks it is absurd to entertain the idea that the Lord hasn't anything to do but superintend our kitchens; that we've no right to trouble Him with such affairs; it is bringing spiritual gifts down to a level with the daily bread and butter. But that's exactly what the Lord Jesus did when He taught us to pray. It is "Thy kingdom come"—and our "daily bread," all in the same breath. Some way, of late, the Bible is different in my eyes, and when I read, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, with prayer and supplication, let your requests be known unto God," it means to me, a great deal more than it ever meant before. What made Isaiah ask the Lord to "undertake for him" if he could undertake for himself? And we are told "whatsoever" we want, to ask, and we will receive. It does seem as though Jesus said everything He could say to us, so that we needn't go worrying through our little lives. But I sometimes think that, all my life, I've read my Bible to little purpose.

I talked with Mr. Duncan about these things one day when William brought him home to dinner, and he says that, according to his way of reading the Bible, we have a perfect right to go to the Lord with all our burdens, temporal as well as spiritual, and God will direct and bless what we are trying to do, or He will find a better plan to bring about what is for our best good; that there is no need of worry or anxiety on our part.

As if to confirm my faith, after Rosalie went away, such a nice, neat, quiet Swedish girl came. I said to her, one day, after she'd been particularly patient with Lily, who was almost sick, and as cross and trying as a sick child knows how to be, "I do believe, Mattie, that God sent you here."

"Yes'm, I suppose He did."

"What makes you think so?" I asked, in astonishment at her quiet answer.

"Well, marm, I asked Him for a good home only the day before I came here. When the bell rang for prayer-meeting that night at some church, I went. After meeting a sweet-faced lady spoke very kind to me, and I told her what I wanted. She told me this place. I come. And I think it was the good Lord who told me how to find out the place."

I must say that, much as my faith was strengthened, I was somewhat staggered at Mattie's perfect trust. I told William about the affair, and he replied, "Except ye become as a little child!"

It is strange how circumstances bring us out, and show us ourselves. I be-

lieve I am beginning to understand myself as never before. I don't see how one can develop if one doesn't know himself. I do believe that a knowledge of the principles of human nature is of more consequence than a knowledge of anything else; that it actually is essential if one wants to make the best of himself, or do good in the world.

I am learning, as never before, what unlovely traits I have, and every time I see my faults, how I do hate them! I wonder if my faults can prove a source of discipline to myself. They drive me often to the mercy-seat, where I lie contrite before my Lord. How much comfort there is in prayer! I have been a professed Christian from childhood, but I am just learning the sweetness of prayer. I don't know why I couldn't have learned the way to Christ and had this strong desire for a personal love to Him years ago, so that I might now be farther up toward Him. What a pity that young Christians don't have more enthusiastic spiritual teachers! I am glad that our greatest leaders are beginning to look after the soul-life of the young Christian; that they are striving to show them how to obtain clear, distinct and settled views of what Christ is to the human soul. I wish I had such a view of Him as I know I ought to have. There is no need of my living in the oftentimes, wearisome way I am living. It is like the effort of the farmer, who, one dark night, drove continuously around one square in Philadelphia, thinking he was on his way home. I go around and around the same paths; making the same failures and mistakes; committing the same sort of sins; seeing my own weaknesses and uttering the same confessions; not getting on one step. I never before felt so great need of God. How I do long to love Christ as I ought!

I have hunted up my "Kempis." I used to read this some before I was married, but it was then beyond my living. Some things in it, now, I have tied out, so I can comprehend. What a pity I did not continue from my earliest Christian life to seek the highest good! In seeking happiness, I lost the higher blessedness—peace, joy.

Manhattan, Kan.

TRUST.

BY IDA M. BUNTON.

An untried path before my feet,
New fields I cannot see,
If joy or sorrow I shall meet,
Whatever my lot may be,
I only trust.

Then welcome sunshine, welcome light,
And days of happy praise,
Days with Thy love divinely bright,
When heart sings joyous lays,
Then will I trust.

And welcome, too, the woe and pain,
The bitter cup of care,
Thine own dear lips have touched the same,
My burdens Thou wilt share,
So I will trust.

Yes, blessed Lord, my hand in Thine,
Whatever may betide,
Through dark or light, Thy love divine,
Thy presence at my side,
I will trust.

Woonsocket, R. I.

DIME MUSEUMS.

MR. EDITOR: Now that the skating rink has received its verdict from the public and has ceased to be popular, why not take up the dime museum resorts, which are now so much frequented, and are doing a hundred-fold more injury than the worst rink ever started? That fatal word *museum* has been for many years the stepping-stone covered with green slime that has caused many an innocent-minded person to fall into sin, and the dime museum paves the way by the low price to get 10,000 or more people in one day to mingle in crowded contact with the vilest set of men and women who are regular attendants at these places.

Of what these museums have on exhibition the papers give some faint ideas, but the worst cases of deformity are shown up to the brutish as well as the refined and delicate women and children, leaving for life, no doubt, upon many a sensitive child's mind, a photograph that can never be obliterated, and, sooner or later, will produce a duplicate of deformity.

There ought to be a stringent law against these monstrosities being brought before the public in any exhibition, but how much worse in assemblies where men and women of the lowest sort congregate to win victims for sin and shame! I believe you have only to start on this line, to save thousands who innocently go to these places and are snared and injured for themselves and their children's children.

VIRTUES OF OMISSION.

BY F. D. B.

Negative virtues are but little valued by the good people of the world. I think they are not valued enough, may be. While demanding, expecting and obtaining perfection, as nearly as possible, in our friends, we should not neglect to duly recognize the "virtues of omission," if I may so call the refraining from wrong-doing. So many times we see a person do much better than he had reason to expect, and yet the praise is apt to be only, "It's no better than he ought to do!"

But how many of us do as well as we ought? I saw a pretty piece of pink-and-white girlhood the other day dressed in bright, fashionable garments. Fate had not sent her trials or vexations. She had evidently aimed high and money and friends had been patted and taken into society, where she could not help receiving attention and compliments that so often spoil and render selfish and affected the young city girls of fashionable society. But she was fresh, simple and unselfish; not wise in books, but affecting no wisdom; not

ambitious, but pretending to no lofty aims. She had never been taught by experience to know the annoyance and trials that poverty brings, yet she had a tender heart for those less fortunate. Of her own sweet will sometimes she assisted a school-mate who washed dishes during vacant hours to pay her tuition. And she offered this little service easily, naturally, as to an equal, and with no silly, would-be condescension.

Do you say, "It was no more than right?" I think it was beautiful and uncommon to find it in one who had had so many temptations to make her think a girl who washed dishes and was very plain dresses was not one of whom to make a friend. She was wholly unaffected, and though that may be called a very negative virtue, to me it counted for much. When she was ill, she was patient and received most gratefully the care that those about her bestowed. In a boarding-school, of course, she could have none of the dainties that at home are prepared for an invalid, yet she never grumbled at the common food, and never fretted because she did not have the tender care that would have been lavished upon her in her own home. And yet she must have missed these things, for she had had them all her life.

With little as make her think, for she had almost as little trouble about ways and means as the lilies of the field, with little to make her observe the needs of others, she often noticed if one looked tired, and tried to do something in way of relief. Her cool, soft hands were always ready to smooth an aching head. When I praised these things in her, some one said, "I dare say she is good, as far as she goes, but there is so little to her!" "I know," I replied, "but so few are good as far as they go." This little foolish blossom (for she was little more, perhaps) was good as far as she went or pretended to go; and does not that raise her, in a certain way, far above many of her superiors? She wore right dresses, but she did not know the harm and foolishness of the practice. Do you and I, who well know the consequences of what we do, not often wear ours a little too close for health or comfort?

I mention this one little girl, but doubtless you can recall plenty of illustrations that may claim a certain admiration simply for the fact that they do not exemplify worse faults of character.

The Little Folks.

BE HONEST AND TRUE.

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!
Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!
In all that you say
And all that you do,
If evil you'd shun,
And good you'd pursue,
If friends you'd have many,
And foes you'd have few—
Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!
In all that you do,
And all that you say,
O eyes that are blue!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are gray!
In all that you do,
And all that you say,
At home or abroad,
At work or at play,
As you laugh with your friend,
Or run by the way,
Be honest and true,
O eyes that are gray!
In all that you do,
And all that you say,
O eyes that are gray!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are brown!
In all that you say,
And all that you do,
On falsity frown;
All goodness exalt,
All meanness put down,
And as the freight fell,
Or roam through the town,
Remember that honor
Is man's chief crown,
And wear it as yours,
O eyes that are brown!

Be honest and true,
O eyes of each hue!
Brown, black, gray, and blue,
And all that you do,
O eyes in which mothers
Look down with delight,
That sparkle with joy
At things good and bright,
Do never a thing
You would hide from their sight!
Stand up for the right,
Like a chivalrous knight;
For the conqueror still,
When the battle is through,
Is he who has ever
Been loyal and true.
Make the victory ripe,
O eyes of each hue!

—Juvenile Gems.

Be honest and true,
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Like a chivalrous knight;
For the conqueror still,
When the battle is through,
Is he who has ever
Been loyal and true.
Make the victory ripe,
O eyes of each hue!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are gray!
In all that you do,
And all that you say,
At home or abroad,
At work or at play,
As you laugh with your friend,
Or run by the way,
Be honest and true,
O eyes that are gray!
In all that you do,
And all that you say,
O eyes that are gray!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are brown!
In all that you say,
And all that you do,
On falsity frown;
All goodness exalt,
All meanness put down,
And as the freight fell,
Or roam through the town,
Remember that honor
Is man's chief crown,
And wear it as yours,
O eyes that are brown!

Be honest and true,
O eyes of each hue!
Brown, black, gray, and blue,
And all that you do,
O eyes in which mothers
Look down with delight,
That sparkle with joy
At things good and bright,
Do never a thing
You would hide from their sight!
Stand up for the right,
Like a chivalrous knight;
For the conqueror still,
When the battle is through,
Is he who has ever
Been loyal and true.
Make the victory ripe,
O eyes of each hue!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!
Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!
In all that you say
And all that you do,
If evil you'd shun,
And good you'd pursue,
If friends you'd have many,
And foes you'd have few—
Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!
In all that you do,
And all that you say,
O eyes that are blue!

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MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.

The June meeting of the Ministerial Association of the district opened Monday evening, June 14, in the Centenary Church, Provincetown. Dr. W. A. Spencer, corresponding secretary of the Church Extension Society, presented the needs and claims of the society, in his usual interesting and impressive manner. The relation of the work of this organization to that of the Conference Home Missionary Society, was discussed in the Tuesday morning session, and correspondence with the other districts was ordered, with a view to conference action in the future.

Rev. Geo. W. Hunt, of Taunton, presented a well-written and thoughtful paper upon "The Attitude of the Church toward Labor and Capital." The essay fully sustained the reputation he has gained as something of a specialist in this department, through his sermons to his own church and address before the Board of Trade of the city where he resides.

At the afternoon session, the essay of Rev. G. A. Grant upon the "Value of the Study of Natural Science to the Preacher," was largely devoted to the consideration of the theory of evolution, and showed extensive study of the subject. This was followed by a remarkably original paper by Rev. J. G. Gammon, upon some "Possible Improvements in our Itinerant System." The discussion which succeeded did not leave the impression upon any one that the Association is ultra-conservative.

The sermon in the evening was by Rev. Walter J. Yates, from Gal. 4: 4. The thought developed was, that the coming of Christ was in the fulness of time in respect to the world's need, and preparation for the Gospel.

The Wednesday morning session opened with the consideration of the subject, "Raising a New Force of Local Preachers," which Rev. B. F. Simon advocated very skillfully in a paper full of good points. The topic of "Old Testament Tithes," was the last upon the programme, and was treated by Rev. S. M. Beale in a Bible reading.

As a whole, the meeting was one of the pleasantest possible. The attendance was large, when the distance is considered which most of those attending were of a high order of merit, and every person was able to meet the part assigned him on the programme.

Rev. A. E. Drew, of First Church, Fall River, who has recently been ill, was taken sick during the session. He has the deep sympathy of his many friends, who hope he may take the rest so much needed after the burdens and overwork of the past year.

Rev. W. F. Davis, of Fairhaven, was reported as suffering from a throat difficulty, which prevents him from preaching.

RETLAW.

WHITE MOUNTAIN.

The White Mountain Ministerial Association held a harmonious and excellent session at the M. E. Church of Littleton, N. H., June 22 and 23. About twenty brethren were present, and some of their names.

Bro. N. C. Alger led the opening prayer-meeting, lasting half an hour. He was also chairman of the afternoon session. Bro. Hillman was chosen secretary of the meeting. Bro. W. A. Lyne presented an elaborate essay on "Inspiration," Bro. T. R. Smith a lively paper on "The Call to the Ministry," Bro. J. P. Frye an approving paper on "The Conference Minutes of 1885," and Bro. Hillman an exegesis on Job 19: 25-27. A committee of Bros. Knox, Chubb, and Trow was chosen to prepare programme at the present meeting for the next, to be held, at the call of the committee, at Haverhill.

Tuesday night Bro. Quinby preached an excellent sermon on "Christian Growth," from the words: "He shall grow like a cedar of Lebanon." He pointed out in a graphic manner striking analogies between the model Christian and the sturdy cedar.

The Wednesday morning prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock was led by Bro. A. O. Abbott, now living at Whitefield as a teacher. Bro. D. J. Smith was chairman of the forenoon session. Bro. A. Tidwell presented a sound essay on "The Resurrection of the Body." Bro. C. Crowley read his practical exegesis on John 5: 1-7. "The Character of Abraham," was the subject of a well-prepared essay, and read by its author, Bro. J. H. Trow. Bro. N. C. Alger presented a good essay on "Holiness made Practical to the Masses," which called forth pleasant discussion and remarks continuing about an hour. Bro. Wilkins, of Piermont, was granted permission to present his paper at the next meeting. Bro. Coult presented a practical essay on "Our Benevolent Collections."

At 12 o'clock Bro. G. W. Anderson, of the New England Southern Conference, took charge of the religious services, lasting half an hour, in which he related his recent remarkable religious experience. He read the 77th Psalm, and offered prayer. He and family are at Whitefield, and his health is improving. The presiding elder, Bro. G. W. Norris, had charge of the afternoon session. Bro. D. J. Smith offered prayer. Sister Alger, in her paper on "Home Missions," presented seven strong reasons why we should help the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "The Bible as a Temperance Document," was a valuable paper presented by Sister Knox. Bro. J. C. Langford discussed a pleasant way, "How to make Pastoral Visits Successful." "The Relation of the Church to the Present Labor Question," was a paper of value, presented by Bro. D. J. Smith. "The Bible Teaching of Baptism," was a brief and good essay from Bro. Geo. A. Luce, read by the secretary in the absence of the author. Bro. Olin, of South Columbia, read his essay on "Conversion," but for want of time its reading was omitted.

The services Wednesday night were the most largely attended of any. Bro. Fred E. White preached on true "Christian Citizenship," a sweet and impressive discourse, from Phil. 3: 20.

The pastor, Bro. Knox, his wife and society, were most hearty and cordial in their efforts to make the meeting a success—a joyous and useful one. Such it was, and all who attended, on many accounts could doubtless say, "It was good for us to be there."

J. H. HILLMAN, Sec.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT.

The Rockland District Ministerial Association held its summer session at Rockport, Me., June 14-16. Quite a large number were present at the opening of the session. The sermon by Rev. O. Tyler, of Waldoboro, from Ex. 32: 26, was a rich treat and greatly enjoyed by all present.

Tuesday morning, after a precious season of prayer led by Bro. W. F. Chase, of Boothbay, a former pastor of this church, Presiding Elder Plummer took the chair, and Bro. L. H. W. Wharfis was elected secretary for the year. Bro. J. R. Clifford was elected personal critic. Bro. O. Tyler presented the first paper: "The Pastorate." This very interesting paper gave rise to a lively discussion of the subject. Bro. W. F. Chase read a paper on, "Is Baptism Prerequisite to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?" The paper was able, and the subject well presented.

At the afternoon session Bro. S. H. Beale led the devotional exercises. Bro. L. L. Hanson spoke on "The Duty of all Christians to Unite with the Church." The subject was very clearly presented. "Our Duty as Methodists Respecting the Temperance Question," was presented by Bro. J. R. Clifford. He took very strong ground, and believed that we, as Methodists, should not be backward in this question. We should do all in our power to advance the cause. A very animated discussion followed. There was a little difference of opinion as to the method of work, but all were agreed on the main points of the question. "Is Sin Punished in this Life?" was the theme introduced by Bro. C. I. Mills. The subject was treated in an able and scholarly manner. Bro. A. Church read a paper on "The Relative Value of the Christian Advocate to Young Methodist Ministers." This was a very able paper, and was full of useful suggestions. A very high estimate was placed upon the *Advocate*, and a proper estimate of the value of the paper to the young minister was given. A resolution that Bro. Church be requested to furnish his essay for publication in *ZION'S HERALD*, was adopted.

At the evening session very able and interesting addresses upon the importance of the Sunday-school, were delivered by Bros. W. F. Chase, L. L. Hanson, and C. B. Besse.

Wednesday morning the prayer-meeting was led by Bro. W. H. Crawford. It was a sweet session. The programme was taken up after the service of prayer, and Bro. W. W. Ogier read an exegesis on Matt. 16: 18. Bro. A. Church followed with an excellent paper on "Elements Necessary to a Successful Pastorate."

An invitation was extended for the next session of the Association to meet at Round Pond, some time in October, which was accepted. Bros. C. B. Besse, O. Tyler and G. B. Chadwick were appointed a committee on programme. After a hearty vote of thanks to the pastor of the church and the people of Rockport for their kind and generous hospitality during the session, a very interesting and profitable meeting adjourned.

I. H. W. WHARFIS, Sec.

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

The Portland District Ministerial Association opened its summer session at Berwick, Monday evening, June 21, under the direction of the president, Wm. S. Jones, presiding elder. The Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered by Bro. J. A. Corey, of York, and a very profitable sermon was preached by Bro. F. W. Smith, of Cape Elizabeth, from John 14: 26.

Tuesday forenoon, the exercises commenced with devotional services, led by the presiding elder. Rev. W. S. Jones then read a strong essay on the subject of "Faith Cures." Bro. C. E. Bisbee read an excellent review of Dr. A. McKenney's "Intermediate State," as per *ZION'S HERALD*, and an interesting discussion of the subject and review followed.

Tuesday afternoon, the Association met at 2 o'clock, and after devotional exercises led by Rev. S. F. Wetherbee, Bro. Chas. Munger read an able essay on the subject of "Faith Cures," which was followed by a lively discussion of that subject. The Association then took up the question, "What Position shall the M. E. Church take when the License and Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic are Involved in the Action of Political Parties?" Dr. J. W. Bashford made a fine address upon the question, which was followed by a general and earnest discussion.

Tuesday evening, after a praise and prayer service, Rev. Dr. Bashford, of Portland, preached a very timely and beneficial sermon from Matt. 27: 22.

Wednesday morning, Rev. Chas. Munger conducted the devotional services, and the Association elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Wm. S. Jones; vice-president, J. W. Bashford; secretary and treasurer, W. E. Morse; executive committee, Ezra Tinker, J. B. Laplan, F. W. Smith. A general discussion of the question regarding prohibition was followed by the adoption of the following resolution:—

Resolved, That we reiterate our position taken in our last Annual Conference, that when license or prohibition of the liquor traffic are involved in the action of political parties, we will not support any party which in municipal, State, or national election, does not declare itself unalterably opposed to this gigantic crime.

Rev. S. F. Wetherbee presented the subject of the "Portland District Camp-meetings at Old Orchard," and the following resolution was passed:—

WHEREAS, the Portland District Camp-meeting Association of preachers and district stewards have secured a lease of the camp-ground at Old Orchard for a term of twenty years for our annual district camp-meeting, therefore,

Resolved, That we, as pastors, will do all in our power to rally our churches and people, not only to attend the district meeting at Old Orchard, but to provide themselves with tents, that tent companies may in the future be present from all of our churches.

J. C. HARTZELL.

THE RE-INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF ANN WILKINS.

A most interesting service was held on Saturday, June 16, in the Bedford Street Church, New York city, at which Bishop Harris presided, and Dr. Reid, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Skidmore took part.

After appropriate devotional services, Bishop Harris introduced the occasion by outlining the history of Ann Wilkins, and paying a tribute to the great services she had rendered to the church. The remains lay in the casket before the altar; the altar and pulpit being beautifully draped, and flowers adorning the drape. Appropriate music from the organ, with congregational singing, took away from the ceremonies the usual sadness of funeral occasions.

Mrs. Chandler stated that at the last meeting of the general executive committee, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, learning of the neglected condition and threatened obliteration of the grave of Mrs. Ann Wilkins—the family farm upon which she was originally buried having passed into other hands—appointed a committee to remove and re-inter her remains. The trustees of Maple Grove Cemetery on Long Island presented a beautiful lot to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society as a burial-place, and the remains of Ann Wilkins were, after the services, borne there by a large number of friends.

Dr. Reid followed Mrs. Chandler, and in beautiful and thrilling words alluded to the body which, though it may not be the most important part of our being, yet, nevertheless, is a part: "So much is said in the Bible about it, that I cannot but feel it is an important part of the resurrection of the spirit shall be glorified in the same body in which it struggled and triumphed on earth; and thus the remains of Ann Wilkins are vested with interest enough to justify the present very unusual occasion. He gave a history of woman's work in Africa, from which it appears that Sophronia Farrington was the first missionary to Africa, and the tale of her work there was of a most romantic interest. She has been followed by Ann Wilkins, Laura Patrick, Caroline M. Brown, Margaret Kilpatrick, Mary A. Sharp and Emma Michener.

Mrs. Gov. Wright followed Dr. Reid with some personal reminiscences of Ann Wilkins, and was followed in a few remarks by Mrs. Skidmore. The last speaker was Mrs. Rev. James W. Home, who was contemporaneous in Africa with Mrs. Wilkins.

The expense of the removal of the remains was borne by Stephen Merritt. A very considerable congregation heard these exercises with the greatest interest, and a goodly part of them followed the remains to the cemetery and saw them interred. This is but the beginning of the purpose of the W. F. M. S., and it will only be fully accomplished when a monument shall have been erected over the remains. In this movement the entire church will be invited to take part, and the full plan will be developed in a future article.

A CROWNED LIFE IN CHRISTIAN AGE.

Never is death so perfectly vanquished, and the victory of life so complete, as when the aged Christian, his earthly mission faithfully accomplished, full of years and honors, departs to enjoy forever his great reward. When the full force of natural life is spent in the ways of virtue, and the wheels of life stand still because they were made to run no longer, we see but little of death—only his touch with gentle hand. We behold rather a child of God already crowned with glory and matured for a higher life dropping the worn and cumbersome garment of flesh and putting on the bright robes of immortality. So peacefully passed away the faithful patriarch of ancient time. Such, doubtless, would be the rule in the departure of the sons of men from the present to a future life, if the great conditions of life as given in the books of God—their faith and morality—were strictly observed. But though sin has disturbed the even, harmonious working of God's laws that is not now the rule, we are blessed with here and there an exceptional case of one who leaves us for the life above, not only in Christian triumph over death, but seemingly in nature's own order, life's full work performed, and its journey ended.

An example of this kind, in some respects a rare example, we have placed before us in the departure, serene as the sun setting in a cloudless sky, of one long recognized as the father of the church in East Templeton.

JOEL G. FALLEN closed his faithful and eventful life of 77 years, June 16, 1886. In his removal the church and people of East Templeton, as well as his own family, part with one whose life is universally felt to have been a great blessing. He vividly remembered his removal, when but four years old, with his parents to this place, where he has since resided, and for many years has been a wise leader in the church and a successful business man, and a helper in everything good. His memory compassed the history of his village from the beginning, and it is just to say that he lived long and happily, and his quiet way contributed as much as that of any of his fellow-citizens to make the history of his village and his own life a blessing to the world.

His twenty-fifth birthday anniversary (March 26) he was united in marriage with the lady who to the peaceful end of his life was his faithful and loving companion. They lived together in joy and in love, and his children and grandchildren, who delight in his life, have been a blessing to the church and the world.

While yet young—nearly fifty years ago—he began to study for the ministry, and was ordained into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which they have approved his labors, and have also their children and grandchildren, acceptable members. It would be out of harmony with the unaffected modesty of this good man to indulge in boastful claims in seeking to pay to him a tribute due. But those who have known him will agree that in every relation in life he has been true, and in every work which concerned him he has borne his part well; and that in departing he has left an unsullied name, the mention of which can never fail to awaken in my acquaintance with him—for more than two years I have met him often than daily—I have never known him to utter a word unkind or indelicate; words, I have never heard. If he ever showed an unchristian spirit, I have not seen it, and he seemed to me, as well as any man I have known, to fill out in his life the answer to the question of Inspiration (Micah 6: 8): "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" and in his life to illustrate the words of truth (Prov. 16: 31): "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

The old age of our brother was glorious in the character of beauty and strength he had attained by his fidelity to the grace given him. He was glorious in his achievements for others. He had given long days of his Master's service in doing good. He gave liberally from his well-earned gains—often more than the title of his income; and what he kept he has left as a consecrated trust to Christian friends. As might have been expected, this mature, well-rounded life was glorious in its prospects. The testimony of our brother as he neared the end was that of a loving, trusting child of God, waiting in cheerful expectation for the call to the life above. His work is done. It was fitting for him to go home and receive the reward of his faithful life.

L. WHITE.

ern education work this year. Of course, everybody was happy, and nobody doubts but that the blessing of God rests richly upon such a pastor and people.

J. C. HARTZELL.

Obituaries.

[All obituaries are now limited to a maximum of 600 words each. For every line exceeding this number twenty cents is charged.]

Sister EMILY MORTON, relict of Joseph Morton, of Lynn, fell asleep in Jesus, on 18, 1886, aged 87 years, 7 months, 8 days, being at the time of her decease the oldest member of Boston Street Church, and having the oldest church member in Lynn, having lived more than two and a half years of ninety.

She was of the old and honorable Todd family, of Rowley, Mass., but was born in Pongney, Vt., where her parents had removed. Of vigorous New England stock and blessed with a good constitution, she lived an active life in the earlier years energetic life, she acquired a strength and robustness of physical nature which gave her, through all her lengthened history almost unbroken health, and in the singularly long and marked evening of her life, she seemed more like a translation than a dying.

She was fortunate in her family relations. Married in early life, she found in her husband those qualities which she herself largely possessed, and which she could appreciate—good understanding, brightness and quickness of intellect, and firm literary tastes; they were happily mated, and enjoyed each other's society in an unmarred married life of over half a century. God blessed them with a family of five children, all of whom survive her, and all of whom, except one, were present with their families at her funeral, to honor the memory of the mother whom they have risen up to call blessed. Sister Morton's nice balance of faculties and excellent judgment, invested with a strong and enduring will, made her a good wife, as well as all who knew her.

She experienced religion in Watertown, N. Y., and on her removal to Lynn in 1840, brought a letter of membership to the South Street Church, of which she remained an honored and constant member. Her husband's founding of Boston Street Church she became one of the original members, and through the memory of his history she has been his true friend and constant supporter, and a consistent and worthy member. Though not demonstrative in her religious expressions, the light of her Christian hope ever shone with a steady ray. In her home she was a Christian mother, teaching her children the principles of the Christian religion, and in her church life she was a faithful and devoted member. Her church work was quietly but effectively done. She held the office of one of the Ladies' Circle, and for some years its treasurer. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had great interest in her, and she was a constant contributor to its funds. A little girl in India, bearing the honored name of "Relief Morton," she was educating and supporting. Committees having charge of the Sunday-school, or otherwise helping the needy, never went to her for aid and counsel, but she seemed glad to give. We doubt if a good cause ever appealed to her in vain. Her life was undisturbed by great or remarkable events. She held the office of one of the Ladies' Circle, and for some years its treasurer. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had great interest in her, and she was a constant contributor to its funds. A little girl in India, bearing the honored name of "Relief Morton," she was educating and supporting. Committees having charge of the Sunday-school, or otherwise helping the needy, never went to her for aid and counsel, but she seemed glad to give. We doubt if a good cause ever appealed to her in vain. Her life was undisturbed by great or remarkable events. 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